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THE day of Resurrection!
Earth tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory!

THE PASCHAL FEAST.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

In travelling guise they held the Paschal Feast
In olden days.
With loins girt round, and shoes on feet,
And staves in hand, they met and shared the meat,
And gave God praise.

No lingering at the banquet, each man took
His portion due,
And swiftly hied him forth, even as did
His fathers, worn slaves of the pyramid,
Zion in view.

A single morsel might suffice for some,
Snatched as they went;
On promise and on type their souls were fed,
So, though their bodies lacked a little bread,
They were content.

And even thus, my soul, be it with thee,
This Easter Day.
With loins girt round, and staff in hand,
As one made ready for the Promised Land,
Who may not stay;

Come, then. The feast is spread which angels still
Desire to taste;
Take thou thy crumb, nor wait for farther good,
To bask and batten on immortal food,
But rise in haste;

And get thee forth to the hard trodden way,
The toil and tire.
The wilderness with many thorns beset,
O'er which the cloudy pillar hovers yet,
The guiding fire.

The Promised Land it beckons, fair and far,
Beyond thy view.
And though the foe be fierce, and travail long,
The Lord shall hold thee up, and keep thee strong,
And guide thee through.

Then, at the upper table, safely set
Thou mayst abide
In full security and rest at last,
With all the thirst and hunger of the past
Quite satisfied.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

CONVERTED CHILDREN.

The Rev. D. W. Hurlbut, of Milwaukee, says:—Objections aside, what can be said in favor of early conversions? Let us remember that Solomon closed up his review of life in the words: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let us hear the promise: "Those that seek me early shall find me," and Christ's words: "Yea, did ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Again: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," and again, in the words of the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Let us remember that beautiful record in the Old Testament of the child Samuel, who was given in answer to prayer, whose mother faithfully stayed at home that she might care for the little one until he was three years old and then brought him up to the temple and "lent him to the Lord;" she went home without her baby boy, and "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child." And while he was yet a child in the silent watches of the night he heard a voice saying, "Samuel." He thought it was the voice of the high priest Eli who called him; but when the voice came the fourth time Samuel knew that it was the voice of the Lord and said; "Speak, for thy servant heareth." If Samuel could be thus consecrated in infancy and lent to the Lord in babyhood, why may not our little ones be so trained and so fully consecrated to Christ that they shall not be able to remember when they did not love the service of God? Let us remember Timothy, who Paul declares had from a child known the holy Scriptures, whose mother Eunice and grandmother Lois Paul commends so highly for their unfeigned faith. Let us remember that there were pious children among the early Christians. Polycarp, who died a martyr at the age of ninety-five, declares that he had served God eighty-six years, making him nine years old at the time of his conversion. Justin Martyr testifies of many who were considered disciples very young and continued uncorrupted all their lives.

In modern times we have Baxter, who declared that he did not remember the time when he did not love God and all that is good. President Edwards was converted at seven; Dr. Watts at nine; and these are only a few among the scores of eminent divines whose names might be mentioned in this connection. I am personally acquainted with a lady who is now the wife of a Baptist minister, who was converted and united with a Baptist church when but seven years of age. She was opposed for a time by her father who was himself deacon of the church; but patiently she persevered until she obtained his consent and was baptized. She has ever been a leader among Christian workers. I was personally acquainted with Dr. Tolhurst who labored as a minister for many years in Northern Ohio. He was converted and united with the church at seven years of age. Rev. H. O. Rowlands, pastor of the Baptist church at Elgin, Ill., said: "Last winter in an afternoon meeting of the old members of my church there were thirty-seven present. They were all pillars and had been for scores of years. All but two of them had united with the church before they were fifteen years old." Of the 120 whom it has been my privilege to baptize, 12 were over 40 years of age; 14 were between the ages of 30 and 40; 24 between the ages of 20 and 30; 28 between the ages of 15 and 20; 42 under the age of 15. That is, a little over one-third of those whom I have baptized were under fifteen years of age; nearly two-thirds were under twenty years of age. Of the number baptized one has been excluded from the church. He was thirty-six years old when he professed conversion. Mr. Spurgeon, some time since, made the remarkable statement that among those whom he had been obliged to exclude from church-fellowship out of a church of 2,700 members he had never been compelled to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child. I say remarkable, and yet not remarkable; for this corresponds with nearly all testimony on this subject. Says an experienced pastor: "I have reason to thank God for permitting me the joy of seeing scores of children coming to Christ. No more satisfactory cases of conversion have ever come under my observation than many children."

But why continue testimony and statistics upon this subject? What I have given is only the beginning of what I might give, but the story is one. If you cared to investigate, you would find that a large proportion of the ministry of our land were converted young—many of them quite young; and you would find that those people who constitute the sinew and back-bone of our churches were as a rule converted young. I have a feeling that if a boy passes sixteen years of age without giving his heart to Christ, the chances are against him. Then let us urge the children to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth," and if a Sunday-school scholar, or one of our own precious offspring should give its heart to Christ, let us not be like Peter's friends who prayed for his deliverance and when their prayers were answered would not believe it and left Peter outside the gate. Let it not be said of us that Christ could do no mighty works in our midst because of our unbelief. Why do so many of our Sunday-school scholars graduate out of the Sunday-school into the world instead of into the church? One reason is because we do not expect their conversion, we teach them the precious truths of the Bible and do all in our power to make the truth plain; but the very tone of our teaching impresses the scholar that he is to adopt these truths and act upon his convictions, sometime in the future; not now. How many of us, in addition to faithful class-work, have taken our scholars one by one, alone, and urged calmly, prayerfully and earnestly, the desirability of an immediate decision for Christ. How many of us have done this with a firm faith in God that our prayers will be answered? Christ said, "All things are possible to him that believeth." This work is not a question of God's ability. It is a question of our faith.

THE ONLY WAY.

The Emperor had become greatly offended with the saintly bishop, Chrysostom. One day, violently enraged, he said in the presence of his courtiers, "I wish I could be avenged of that bishop!"

Each of his courtiers gave his opinion as to what would be the most effectual mode of punishing one to whom their master had so great an aversion.

The first said to the Emperor, "Banish him to such a distance, that you will never see him again."

The second said, "No, rather confiscate all his property."

"Throw him into prison," said a third.

"Are you not master of his life as well as his property?" said a fourth courtier. "Why do you not get rid of him by putting him to death?"

A fifth speaker, however, shrewdly said, "You are all under a great mistake; the Emperor may find a much better way of punishing this bishop. For this man, if you were to send him into exile, would take his God with him. If you confiscate his goods, you rob the poor, not him. If he were thrown into a dungeon, he would be all the better pleased, as he would then have time and solitude for communion with his God. Condemning him to death would be to open the gates of heaven to him. No, no! if the Emperor really wishes to be avenged on Chrysostom, he must force him to commit some sin: for he is a man who fears neither exile, poverty, chains nor death, being afraid of nothing but sin."—*Ex.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—MAY 5.

THE COMMAND TO WATCH.—Mark 13:24-37.

COMMIT VERSES 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.—Matt. 13:33.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

To watch and pray is our privilege, our duty, our safety.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 13.: 13-37.
T. Matt. 24: 29-51.
W. Luke 21: 25-36.
Th. Dan. 7: 13-28.
F. 1 Thess. 4: 16-18; 5: 1-11.
Sa. 2 Pet. 3: 3-18.
Su. Rev. 21: 1-5, 10-27

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

24. *Sun shall be darkened:* to be taken either (1) figuratively, representing great civil and social commotions, or (2) literally. It applies figuratively to the first two comings, and probably literally to the third. 25. *Powers in heaven:* if taken figuratively, "the invisible influences which rule human society;" if literally, "the solar system." 26. *In clouds:* as he went to heaven. (See Acts 1: 9-11.) With spiritual and heavenly powers. *Great power and glory:* manifested in the establishment of his kingdom on the earth.—*Schaff.* 27. *Send his angels:* heavenly angels, the ministers, "angels of the churches" (Rev. 2: 1), or any messengers and agencies of God (Ps. 104: 4; Heb. 1: 7, 11.) *Gather his elect:* his chosen ones, his disciples; the establishment of one church; the heart-unity of the church. *From the four winds:* denoting the four quarters of the world: *i. e.*, from every part. 30. *This generation:* to be taken (1) literally, and referring to the destruction of Jerusalem (see Mark 9: 1), (2) in the sense of race or nation, meaning that the Jews should not cease as a distinct nation till the fulfillment of these things and Christ's kingdom have come.

SUBJECT: THE DUTY OF THE HOUR, TO WATCH AND PRAY.

QUESTIONS.

I. WATCH AND PRAY (v. 33).—What is it to watch? For what are we to watch? Against what things should we watch? What are some of the things which tend to make us careless and sleeping spiritually? Why is it necessary to pray as well as to watch? (Eph. 6: 10-12.) Repeat some scripture exhortations about watching? (1 Pet. 4: 7; 5: 8; Rev. 3: 3; 16: 15; 1 Cor. 10: 12; 16: 13; Rom. 13: 11; 1 Thess. 5: 4-6; Heb. 2: 1; 12: 15.) Why is so much said in the Bible about watching.

II. BECAUSE OF DANGERS AND CHANGES (vs. 24, 25.)—What time is referred to by "those days"? After what tribulation? What is signified by the darkened sun and moon, and the stars falling? (See Acts 2: 16-21.) What do they mean if they refer to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem while some of the disciples were yet living? What if they refer to the millennium? What if to Christ's final coming. (2 Pet. 3: 7-10.) What would remain unchanged amid all these changes? (v. 31.)

III. BECAUSE CHRIST IS COMING AGAIN (vs. 26-31.)—What promise did Jesus make about his coming? What is meant by his coming? (See last lesson.) When was this prophecy fulfilled in part? (Mark 9: 1; Acts 2: 16-21; Matt. 16: 26, 27.) What coming is still before us? (Matt. 6: 10; Dan. 7: 14; Acts 1: 11; 1 Thess. 4: 13-18; Matt. 25: 31-46.) Meaning of verse 27? How were they to know when the coming was near? (vs. 28, 29.) When should it take place? (v. 30.) Meaning of "generation"?

What does Christ say of the truth of his words? Are all his promises and warnings as sure as this?

IV. BECAUSE THE TIME IS UNKNOWN (vs. 32-37.)—Who only knows the exact time of the coming? Show how this is a reason for watching and prayer. By what parable did Jesus enforce this truth? Relate it as told by Matthew. Who are the servants? What work is given to each of us? How are we to watch? (Matt. 24: 46.) What will be the consequences of not watching? (Matt. 24: 48-51.) How will praying help us to watch?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Dark and troublous times are sure to come before the kingdom of God can be established.

II. These should not discourage us, but bring comfort and faith, as signs of the coming.

III. Jesus Christ is surely coming in his kingdom, successful and triumphant.

IV. Nothing in the universe is so sure as the word of God, its promises and warnings.

LESSON VI.—MAY 12.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.—Mark 14: 1-6.

COMMIT VERSES 8-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The blessedness of making sacrifices for Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 14: 1-9.
T. Matt. 26: 1-13.
W. John 12: 1-8.
Th. Ps. 133: 1-3.
F. 1 Chron. 29: 9-23.
Sa. Ps. 41: 1-13.
Su. Ex. 35: 20-29; 36: 1-6.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Take him.....put him to death:* they would get him into their power, and keep him from teaching any more, but wait till after the feast before they killed him. 2. *An uproar:* there were multitudes there from Galilee attending the feast. They might be friends of Jesus. 3. *Simon the leper:* a relative of Lazarus, and probably cured by Jesus. *A woman:* Mary the sister of Lazarus (not the one spoken of in Luke 7: 36-50.) *Box:* flask, with long neck. *Ointment of spikenard:* a pound of it, says John. It was made of the spikenard, a plant of the valerian family, which grows in the East. *Very precious:* worth 300 pence (a penny, denarius, = 15 cents), therefore worth $45; but as a penny was the pay for a day's labor (Matt. 20: 2), it would equal $300 in our day. *Poured it on his head:* and also his feet, and wiped them with her hair (John 12: 3). 4. *And some:* Judas most of all (John 12: 4). 5. *Given to the poor:* that was his pretence, but John says he was a thief. And he betrayed his master soon after for $15. 6. *Good work.* it is good to express love. It leads to more giving to the poor. 7. *The poor, always:* as representatives of Christ, through kindness to whom we can show love to him. 8. *My body to the burying:* the anointing served this purpose whether Mary thought of it or not. 9. *A memorial:* not so much of her gift as of the love which prompted it.

SUBJECT: EXPRESSING OUR LOVE TO JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GATHERING OF JESUS' ENEMIES (vs. 1, 2.)—What great feast was near at hand? What were the chief priests doing while Jesus was talking with his disciples? Why did they wish to put him to death? (John 11: 48.)

II. THE GATHERING OF JESUS' FRIENDS (v. 3.)—When was this supper held? (John 12: 1.) In what town? At whose house? Who were present? (John 12: 1-3.) What great thing had Jesus done for them? Had he probably healed Simon also?

III. JESUS ANOINTED WITH THE PRECIOUS NARD (v. 3.)—How did Martha show her regard for Jesus? (John 12: 2.) How did Mary show her devotion to him? What is spikenard? How much was there in the alabaster flask? (John 12: 3.) How much was it worth? (v. 5.) Where did she pour this nard? (v. 3; John 12: 3.) What further proof of devotion did she show? (John 12: 3.)

IV. FAULT FOUND WITH THE ACT (vs. 4, 5.)—Who found fault with Mary? Who was the leader in this murmuring? (John 12: 4.) What was his motive? (John 12: 6.) What great crime did he soon commit? (Mark 14: 43, 44.) What pretence did he make? How did he get other disciples to join him? Is it easy and natural to find fault with others? Is it right?

V. JESUS DEFENDS MARY'S ACT (vs. 6-9)—What did Jesus say to the fault-finders? On what other occasion did Jesus praise Mary for doing what others condemned in her? (Luke 10: 39-42.)

What was the FIRST DEFENCE? (v. 6.)—Why is it good to express our love to Jesus? Are gifts of much value unless we show our love and regard? Can we show love except by making sacrifices of precious things? Does expressing love increase it? Do we need to express our love oftener to friends, parents, teachers, pastor? Do the poor and sick have special need of this?

What was the SECOND DEFENCE? (v. 7.)—Does giving to Jesus lead us to give more to the poor around us? Is this one way we can show our love to him? (Matt. 25: 40.)

What was the THIRD DEFENCE? (v. 8.)—Can anything better be said of us than this? Was it as really acceptable as Martha's service? Did the dead have uses she did not expect?

What was the FOURTH DEFENCE? (v. 9.)—What did Jesus promise? Would she have had this memorial if she had done the act for show? Has this act of hers helped many to do what they could? In what ways do you show your love to Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Affection desires to express itself by making sacrifices for the loved.

II. All need the sympathy of others, and to have it expressed.

III. Expressing our affection increases it.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. **May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.**
6. **May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.**
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-51.
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSE-CLEANING: THE BEST METHOD.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"How I wish you could stay here a few weeks, Aunt Mary, instead of going on to Annie's to-morrow!"

"I should enjoy staying, but you know poor Annie needs me more than you do; that attack of pneumonia will help keep her weak all the spring."

"Yes; but I want you to keep John from being cross; he has spells of it just about this time of the year."

"John! John cross! Why, Hetty, it's hard to believe that; he's got a wonderful good disposition, an' always had. I've known him from a baby up."

"Yes: we'll admit that he's amiable and easy to get along with most of times, but his good temper can't stand the strain of house-cleaning. You should have seen the look of gloom and disgust that came over his face this morning when I asked him to get some lime so I could begin to clean house next week.

"But, Hetty, I re'ly hope you ain't thinking of beginning next week; why it's only the middle of March."

"Well, I won't get done then before some time in April, and I do like to have it out of the way early, so I can get at the spring and summer sewing before the weather gets so hot; and I've so much to do this spring; the children have outgrown so many of their clothes, and there's some quilting to do beside."

"But, my dear, I'm afraid you'll all get your death of cold if you have the house open and upset such damp chill weather: better do your sewing first, and wait until its warm and settled. I think May is plenty early enough to clean in this part of the country."

"May! why, I was all done last year by the tenth of April, an' I meant to do even better this year."

"Let me see! Wasn't it last spring you had such a spell of rheumatism and neuralgia?"

"Yes, I was real sick; and how thankful I was that the cleaning was finished before it came on."

"Didn't you ever think that but for that same cleaning it wouldn't have come on at all?"

"I declare, Aunt Mary, you're as bad as John, for that's just what he said; he was positive about it."

"Poor boy! I'm afraid I should be cross too if I had to live in a house whose mistress was going to begin to clean it next week. Do you hire any help?"

"I don't usually. You know we are not blessed with much ready money, and so I would rather do the work myself and have the money saved to buy things with; there seems to be so much wanted all the time in a house. But, you see, with the other work it takes me a long time. I slight the general work as much as I can, too, but they all complain of the picked-up meals. I get clear discouraged sometimes over it."

"Well, dearie, it's a good thing I ain't going to stay here through it, for we should quarrel as certain as fate! Your way and my way are very different, and I should be almost sure to take John's part."

"You would? Then I'm sure he'd be delighted."

"Yes, we would be two against one, Hetty, and you wouldn't like that or think it at all fair."

"Well, I hardly know; if you've got a way of getting along with unpleasant things better than I have, I hope I shouldn't be obstinate enough to quarrel."

"Oh, I was only joking as to that, but re'ly I do long to give you some advice. You're such a good practical, sensible woman, about most things, that it seems a pity you shouldn't be in this matter."

"Now, Auntie, I have tried to do the best I knew how; at least I've thought so, but—well, if I'm all wrong, I'm willing to listen to the right and be convinced. Now suppose you could step into my place—'make believe you was me,' as the children say—how would you do."

"In the first place, I would set the very thought of house-cleaning off for at least six weeks, and tell John so, and ease his mind; then I'd get out all the summer clothes of the whole family, and have a general overlooking, and plan what is to make over or combine together, and sort out the paper rags and carpet rags. Then, after I'd mended, fixed over, and made up everything on hand, I should buy all the muslin, cambric, and lawn wanted for the season, and make the sewing-machine run lively for a few days. I wouldn't put in many tucks and ruffles to iron on hot days either, but have a plenty of plain hemmed little dresses and aprons, for frequent changes are a comfort. After that was all done, on bright days I'd clean the bureaus, trunks, and closets; it is such a help to have them done when one gets to cleaning a room, and the first room I would do would be that large store-room; then everything not desired elsewhere could be stowed there, and not handled a second time."

"O, Auntie, that all looks so easy for you to tell it!"

"But before I began to clean it at all, I should have a grand day of cooking. I fully agree with John and most other men about picked-up meals; one of odds and ends in some crisis may be allowable, but no more; and when people are working unusually hard they need to have their strength kept up by nourishing food. Of course a woman can't stop to prepare much for every meal, but something like this would be my plan or bill of fare. I should bake bread, pies, and two or three kinds of good-keeping cake, and a pot of pork and beans, and boil some ham or corned beef, all this, with coffee, eggs, and now and then a can of vegetables, will afford good and quickly set meals for at least three days, and by that time there'd very likely be a rainy day, so I'd stop cleaning and cook up again. I should have plenty of brooms and all conveniences to work with, and clean and settle one room at a time; that's a special point on which a great deal of peace and comfort depends. Another thing I'd do, and that is to paper those staring white walls. I know lime makes a house look sweet and fresh at first, and much is said against paper, but I believe in it. It saves work, and a pretty paper makes a room seem half furnished in my eyes. Of course I should be careful to select paper without any green in it; aside from that, I consider a paper wall as wholesome as a white one. And wherever I could change things around for more convenience or a little novelty I should do it. It is restful to a housekeeper whose life is so monotonous to see even a picture hung in a different place, or the position changed of a chair or table. There, Hetty, I've delivered quite a lecture; but that is an outline of what I should do if I was in your place, and if I carried it out I should have no fear of John's crossness, or of a siege of rheumatism after. You have listened very patiently, my dear. Now, how do you like my way?"

"Why, it all sounds very nice, and seems easy to do, Aunt Mary, and I've a good notion to try it,—all but the papering; that's out of the question; we can't do it, and it costs so much to get paper-hangers out from town,—more than the paper does."

"Then I'll make you an offer. If Annie gets well and strong, I'll come back in May and help you. I can hang paper as well as anybody where the walls are not very high, and I like to do it."

"That's another inducement for me to put off cleaning, Auntie; but I'll accept your offer and take your advice all through. I'll go right at my summer sewing, although I can hardly wait to see how nice and new the rooms are going to look! John often says you are the best and dearest Auntie in the world: I wonder what he will say now?"—*Exchange.*

"A PENNY EARNED."

A "penny saved is a penny earned."
—Old Proverb.

After all, with very many careful housekeepers, often there is much wasted in a kitchen. The little unperceived foxes destroy the vine. Among young inexperienced or thoughtless housekeepers enough is wasted sometimes in one month to pay for a first-class weekly or monthly periodical; and yet the mistress of these kitchens may bemoan the lack of means to buy these papers.

Now I wonder how careful many of you are about the following things:

In *cooking meats*, do you throw away the water without removing and saving the grease, and do you save the grease from the dripping-pan? It seems a little thing, but that grease saved will do to use in frying. Pieces of bread left at one meal are thrown back into the bread box forgotten and left to dry or mold instead of being wrapped up and used for the next meal. Scraps of meat which would make excellent hash or balls or eke out a meat pie are thrown away.

Cold or mashed potatoes are left to sour or spoil. Preserves are opened, forgotten, and left to mold or ferment, instead of being used for the next supper or made into tarts for dessert for the next dinner. Dried fruits often become wormy, not being looked after. Vinegar and sauces are left standing in tins. Plated forks and spoons are left in pickles, forming most poisonous verdigris, and spoiling all of it. Corks are left out of molasses and vinegar jugs; the stopper out of the kerosene oil-can whereby much of it escapes; the tea or coffee canisters left open, the strength leaving them. Food of all kinds is left on open pantry shelves, exposed to mice, and most frequently eaten by them.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in handling. Soap is left to dissolve in dish or scrubbing water and thus waste. Dish towels are used for dish cloths, while napkins are used for dish towels, and towels are used for holders, burned or get begrimed with smut so that they cannot be cleansed.

Sheets are used on the ironing board and burned or scorched. Two yards of unbleached muslin at six cents a yard will do for all except the very fine clothes. Carpets are swept with worn out stub brooms which wear out the texture of the carpet. Carpets are too much swept by most people. They will last longer if the threads lying about are kept carefully picked, or even gently brushed if it be very necessary. Good new brooms are used in scrubbing the pavement or kitchen floor. Nothing wears them out so quickly. Forks are used for toasting bread, and ruined. Tea and coffee pots are injured by being allowed to stand upon the stove or by being set on the hot coals. Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles, and the most useful wire dishcloth, made for this purpose, forgotten. The pudding left from dinner to-day can be steamed over for to-morrow if enough, if not, eke out with a bit of pudding left from another dinner. Don't forget that desserts cost one-third of your living at least. Rice pudding can be made into croquettes.

Pails and wash-tubs are left dry and fall to pieces. It is a good plan when you have a little pie crust left over to make a few tarts instead of putting it away to sour. Ham often becomes tainted or filled with vermin for want of care. It should be kept wrapped up. Cheese is allowed to get too dry or to mold or to be eaten by mice. Toilet soap, when in use, should be kept in a dish on a perforated piece so the water will leave it. It will also be better to leave off the cover of the dish, so the soap will get dry. It lasts much longer in this way.—*Christian at Work.*

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Keep a brick on the back of your stove. You will find it nice to set food on when you wish to keep it warm. Try using sweet, skimmed milk instead of starch for calicoes and ginghams. Rub window glass with a piece of soft linen wet with vinegar, then with a dry cloth, and it will be beautifully clear. I make glue that is very good by dissolving the gum to be found on cherry trees, in water. Keep water on it all the time and it is always ready for use. Cut the thin skin from the outside of the leg of mutton, or the mutton chops, before cooking them, and you will not have the woolly taste that so many complain of. To clean the silver spoons and forks in everyday use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking-soda, then polish them with a little piece of chamois skin. I have learned that I can wash two pounds of currants almost as quickly as one cupful, and that it is a great saving of time to find them ready for use when I need them. Rub salt on the inside of your coffee pot when washing it, and it will remove the coffee and egg very quickly. Be sure to rinse it thoroughly before using it again. Old lamp burners should be boiled often in strong saleratus water. Let them boil for an hour, polish them, and they will be as good as new, and will not trouble you by causing a smoky light. To take letters from a flour sack, first dip the sack in cold water, and let it soak fifteen minutes; then soap it well, let it soak a little longer, and when it has been washed through one water, it is ready to be put through with the other clothes. Make stove-cloths of dark calico to use about your cooking, instead of using your apron or a dish towel whenever you wish to remove anything from the oven or off the stove. You will find them neater and more convenient. I have mine doubled and about twelve inches square.—*Housekeeper.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR BOYS.

Netting is such a nice employment for boys during the long winter evenings at home.

Now, don't say: "Pshaw, such foolish work!" for it is not the least bit foolish. Do you suppose the fishermen think it is, as they sit making or mending their nets?

It seems a little difficult at first, but practice soon makes perfect. Fine string or twine costs very little, and the needle is not expensive. The mesh any boy can make. Nets in which to cook potatoes and onions will be nice to practise on. They can be easily lifted out when done, and mamma need not burn her hands trying to drain the water off while they are in the kettle. Make some for her and see how pleased she will be. After a little practice, you can venture to make nets for lawn tennis, hammocks, etc., until, after a time, you will find yourself able to do fine, pretty work. Then make the foundation for guipure work of crochet cotton; it is something that sister will appreciate, and there is little work more fascinating. Mitts of silk can be made; crowns for baby's bonnets, and many other things, that will suggest themselves as you become proficient.

To Tan a Sheepskin With the Wool on.—Tack the skin upon a board with the flesh side out. Scrape with a blunt knife. Rub the skin with pulverized chalk until it will absorb no more. Then take it from the board and cover with powdered alum. Double half-way over with the flesh sides in contact. Roll tightly together, and keep dry for three days, after which unfold again and stretch on a board or nail to a door, and dry in the air, and it soon will be ready for use. These sheepskins are susceptible of brilliant dyes, and make beautiful mats or rugs of domestic manufacture.

For Oil Cloth.—An old reliable English cook-book gives the following recipe as an oil-cloth restorer: Melt one-half of ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it and rub it with a dry cloth.

PUZZLES—NO. 8.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.

In the morning of thy days
Honor God in all thy ways,
Always ready to acknowledge
Him in either school or college
And he shall impart the light
To direct thy paths aright.

S. Moore.

Quebec.

THE DISHONEST SERVANT.

Among the best of the many arithmetical ingenuities is that of the dishonest servant. His master had bought thirty-two cans of maple syrup, which he caused to be placed in the cellar by the servant in such a manner as to count nine cans on every side of the square counting on the line thus:—

But the servant managed, despite this precaution, to steal twelve cans—that is, four on three separate occasions—and yet, when the master counted he found nine cans on each side, according to his original plan of detecting fraud. Now, how did the ingenious thief rearrange the cans so as to stand the test?

METAGRAMS.

1. I am a writing utensil.
2. Change my head and I am a bird.
3. Again and I am a moor.
4. Again and I am a boy's name.
5. Again and I am an animal's home.
6. Again and I am a number.

Fannie Hall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 7.

Scripture Enigma.—Seek good and not evil, Amos 5. 14.

A Boy's Name.—William.

Transformations.—1. White, while, whale, shale, stale, stalk, stack, slack, black. 2. Neat, seat, slat, slam, slum, glum, grum, grim, prim. 3. Hate, have, lave, love. 4. Saxe, sale, hale, hole, pole, Pope. 5. Hand, hard, lard, lord, ford, fort, foot. 6. Blue, glue, glum, slum, slam, slat, seat, peat, pent, pint, pink. 7. Hard, card, cart, cast, east easy. 8. Sin, son, won, woe.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been received from Nancy E. Wagoner, Sarah J. Cook, Lillie A. Greene, Bert W. Denham.

The Family Circle.

INASMUCH.

A LENTEN MEDITATION.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"If I had dwelt"—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er that Life, divine yet human,
Told in the Sacred Word—

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street,
Where Jesus walked, and heard his word so laden
With comfort strangely sweet;

"And seen the face where utmost pity blended,
With each rebuke of wrong;
I would have left my lattice and descended,
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,
Of some rich Rabbi there;
Seeing the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled
At sight of such despair,

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,
Nor let one spark remain;
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,
For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me;
I would have walked between
The Marys and Salome, while they told me
About the Magdalene.

"'Foxes have holes'—I think my heart had broken
To hear the words so said,
While Christ had not—were sadder ever spoken?—
'A place to lay his head'!

"I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,
And crave His entrance in!"

Ah, would you so? Without a recognition,
You passed Him yesterday:
Jostled aside, unheeded, His mute petition,
And calmly went your way

With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled;
Before your window-sill
Sweep heart-sick crowds—and if your blood is curdled,
You wear your jewels still.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its implorings wild;
Or lest some woful penitent might touch them,
And you be thus defiled.

Oh, dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot,
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And ye perceive Him not!

THE BIG BOATLOAD OF DRIFTWOOD.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

Maggie sat knitting in the fisherman's kitchen ere the dusk came on. It was a quiet scene, only a little room plainly furnished, a humming tea-kettle on the stove, a table set with cheap crockery for the coming supper, an old-fashioned clock with a tired, drowsy tick on the wall, a cat on a rag mat before the stove.

"I don't see where father is," thought Maggie, looking at the clock. "Generally I see his boat coming up the river before this time. Well, I can have a little more time for knitting and perhaps finish this stocking for Joe before supper." She might have said also, "And have a little more time to think."

So she bent her head over her knitting again, anxious to do all she could before a heavy step outside the door would say plainly as if in words, "Here I am, Maggie, tired and hungry as usual. Supper ready?" Yes, a little leisure now for thought.

Her thoughts were on the previous Sunday, whose teachings emphasized the significance of the resurrection of Jesus, how much it meant to the world, and if accepted and repeated by the individual, what beauty, what usefulness it would bring to the life, this dying unto self, this living unto Christ.

"Only it is pretty hard to do what the sermon said," thought Maggie, "to let the spirit of Christ's self-sacrifice come out in our lives and reign there. Yes, that's the word used in the sermon, 'reign' in our lives."

She ceased her knitting and looked at the fire shining out of the openings in the door of the stove, and each glowing section seemed to be only a transcript of that word in golden letters, that one supreme word, reign. Would it be supreme in Maggie's life? Would this principle of self-giving, self-renouncing, reign in Maggie's life!

"I wish it might be so," she murmured. It certainly, as she sat there in the undisturbed quiet of the room, seemed a very easy matter to give a supreme prominence to the element of self-renunciation. She had had the same feeling in the church on Sunday. So easy to be *good* when the organ is playing, when the choir is singing! So easy now to be good at home, there in that sheltered kitchen, when all the work was over, supper cooked and waiting in the oven for the father's arrival, a heedless brother Joe out of the way! Maggie had a very complacent feeling. She was almost ready for canonization. Suddenly our saint was aroused out of her reverie by a quick, light step.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured impatiently. "That is Johnnie, I know!"

The door opened and a boy of fifteen burst excitably into the kitchen.

"O Maggie, can you go now? You know you said—"

"Oh, dear, John Darby! What makes you turn up just at this time?"—She stopped.

After her late beautiful reverie saying this! Her ebullition of impatience surprised her. Had she not forgotten a promise to go with John about this time? The boy saw that she was vexed, and the pleased, eager look of anticipation faded out of his face like the light from the western sky in the evening.

"You needn't go," he muttered. "Only you said—"

"I'll go, Johnnie. Our superintendent at the Sunday-school said he would give a Bible to any boy or girl we might recommend, and I can recommend you. Come."

Her shawl was now thrown over her shoulders, and, taking her hat from its nail, she passed out doors. Johnnie followed her, and as they went up the narrow lane leading from her home by the docks to the main street of the seaport town his vivacity returned and he talked in a delighted fashion of the present he expected to receive.

"It is a pretty good thing for folks to give away Bibles," said Johnnie, "when you don't happen to have any."

"I know it," replied Maggie in a mood of great dissatisfaction with herself. Reluctant to take a promised walk with this boy wanting and eager to obtain a Bible! Significant comment on her sincerity of desire to apply Sunday's teachings to practical life! The Bible was obtained, Johnnie was made happy, and Maggie returned to her home.

"Father ought to be here very soon," she said. "I will step down to the end of the dock and try to get some sign of him. He generally stops to pick up driftwood and that many detain him."

Looking off upon the rapidly darkening surface of the water, she could see nothing of the fisherman's boat. He picked up through the year in the river or on the shore sufficient driftwood to feed the exceedingly good appetite of the kitchen stove. Sometimes the stern and the bow of his boat would be piled high with wood, and between the two heaps the fisherman would sit and stoutly pull for home. No fisherman to-night between two heaps of wood.

What is the matter? wondered Maggie, slowly going from the dock up to the house. She resumed her knitting after lighting the kitchen lamp and tried to fasten her thoughts again on Sunday's teachings. She was soon rising up into an atmosphere of saintly thinking when she heard a heavy step.

"I know who that is!" she exclaimed. "Oh, that's father!"

She arose, went to a door leading into the little entry between the kitchen and the door into the lane, and exclaimed, "O ther, that you? You have got home pretty late" Did you stop for driftwood?"

"Yes, Maggie."

He sighed.

She could see his form indistinctly, there in the darkened entry, and said to herself, "Poor man! He has got his arms full of driftwood, I expect. He must be tired."

He sighed again.

"Yes, Maggie, got a lot of driftwood to-night. A boatload of it. Oh, oh, oh!"

Groaning he staggered into the kitchen, his arms bearing—her brother Joe, stupid, senseless, drunk! He deposited Joe on an old lounge and then sank down beside him, covering his face with his hands, crying out, "Oh, my poor, foolish Joe!"

"Why, father!" said Maggie in her extreme astonishment, "how is this? And yet I haven't felt just easy. That Bill Smith has been hanging round here and I was afraid Joe would go off with him."

"You have guessed it," said the poor father, groaning. "I saw 'em both on Spring's Island, their boat most adrift, and they—drunk. How I got 'em into my boat and rowed 'em home I don't know. Driftwood? Oh, oh, my poor Joe!"

"Where is Bill?"

"His folks were on the wharf and took him home. O Joe!"

Maggie's father had not yet raised his head. Joe's shame was a cruel blow to the fisherman. He was a man of womanly tenderness of feeling, and since the death of Joe's mother the father had watched anxiously over the boy, more impulsive and thoughtless than vicious. The father had shown all of a mother's solicitous tenderness. Maggie was a very resolute character and very exact in her sense of justice. As she stood in the floor, her arms folded, she hardly know what to say. She saw the bowed form of her father and then she thought of the drunken Joe on his bed to which the fisherman had now taken him. Her feelings were divided between those of indignation and pity. She pitied her father extremely, and to think Joe should bring this burden of suffering upon that parent's sensitive nature! How gray and old and broken he looked!

Maggie flamed forth, "I—I—I—I am indignant, father! To think you should be made to suffer this way! Driftwood! I tell you how I feel. If I had my way, I'd pack Joe and Bill into that boat and set them adrift! It would be driftwood then, I guess. If I don't give Joe a piece of my mind in the morning!"

"Oh," said her father feebly, "I doubt if that will fetch him, sis."

He always called her "sis" when he had any special appeal to make to her.

"Well, father, come and have some supper."

That was a practical suggestion, and the fisherman in his weakness almost staggered up to the table as if he were in Joe's condition.

"Sit down, father. You've got one person who will stand by you. Have some tea and toast? I fried some potatoes and fish for you."

She knew exactly what he wanted and did not wait for an answer, but with great energy brought forward his supper, slamming the dishes, hastily pouring the tea, and in her fierce action continuing to express her mind.

"Look out, sis!" remonstrated her father gently.

"I will, father, though I should not be surprised if I did something awful. If that Bill Smith comes round to-morrow—"

She did not say whether she would hang, burn, shoot, or poison him, but hastily stopped. She saw it did her father no good, and with tact she changed her course, and paid that silent attention to his personal comfort always so acceptable. She brought him his soft, easy slippers. She held out his old dressing-gown that her own fingers had made. She brushed smoothly down his gray, rumpled locks. Preceding him with a light, she led him to his chamber and left him there.

She went to bed in a whirlwind of feeling, saying her prayers as usual but not enjoying them. When was Easter Sunday? She had not given it a thought since her father's return. That night she had a dream. She seemed to be down on the bank of the river swathed by a mist. Out of this came a boat, and was it her father that stepped out of the boat bearing Joe?

"I was mistaken," she cried confusedly and in astonishment, for as the bearer drew near her he changed, and lo! the Saviour went by! He did not seem to see her, for his head was bowed and he was intent on carrying some kind of a heavy burden. At first she thought of the picture she had seen in which the Good Shepherd comes from the wild desert bearing the lost sheep on his broad, patient shoulders. Then there was a change.

"What!" she said in surprise. "That—that Joe on his shoulder?" The Shepherd passed quickly out of sight, his drooping face full of patience and compassion, a strong, while a suffering face, the same visage as that of the Man of Sorrows marred upon the cross for a world's sins. Everything now seemed to be going into a fog, and yet a voice rang out clear and sweet, "For ye were as sheep going astray."

What was it? On Sunday one of the men in the choir sang that sentence. Was Maggie in church again, listening to the strong, sweet singer, or did the Shepherd say this, his beautiful voice making the music? She could not say, for the mist thickened and she sank into its depths and rested there in slumber.

"I will do as I was taught on Sunday," she said to herself in the morning. "I will try what virtue there may be in love when I see Joe."

She prepared the breakfast with unusual care. She made one or two little dishes that Joe liked. She warmed his slippers for him, and placed his favorite rocking-chair near the stove. Joe came out of his room looking shabby, haggard, and miserable. He knew what Maggie could do by way of reprimand, and he was fully aware that he deserved it. Instead, she treated him with special affection. He saw that she was grieved, but she hurled no harsh word at him. Joe was not prepared for this. At the table he broke down entirely, dropped his head on the table, cried, and said,

"Maggie, you and father are too kind. I I am just a fool and a wretch. *Do help me!*"

"We will help you, Joe; and you ask God to help you."

"I—will. Who is that?" he said as he chanced to look at the window. It was Bill Smith lounging on the pavement in readiness to catch up and carry off yesterday's partner, and Joe had previously made up his mind to accompany him, especially if Maggie "pitched into him."

"Can't go now," he said. "Maggie," he added aloud, "that's Bill, and he can't have me."

"No, no, Joe! You stay at home to-day."

But what about the morrow, and the next day and the day after and all the future? What could be done with Joe?

John Darby, that very day, rushed in his impulsive way into the kitchen.

"O Maggie!" he exclaimed, "I—I am going to sea. Up to that place where we went last night I went again to-day, and met a sea-captain, a friend of your superintendent, and he takes me on his voyage next week, and he wants another boy, and can't we have Joe?"

"Thank God!" Maggie thought. "That will keep Joe out of temptation, if he will only go, and he will come back from sea strong."

Joe went to sea.

One day the fisherman brought a letter home.

"See, Maggie. Been to the post-office, and this is from Joe."

"Joe, father?"

"Yes. Sent from Europe."

This special message was for Maggie: "Tell Maggie I am trying to lead a new life. She will be glad to know that the Bible she took trouble to get for Johnnie I have been reading, for somehow I forgot to bring mine. I want you two to know that I am going to follow it."

"Thank God!" said the fisherman. "Not just-a-going to read, but follow."

Maggie was silent but grateful. Her joy shone in her eyes. Like Mary of old who met her Lord in the garden on the Easter morning, Maggie has found her Lord in a new joy, a new peace, a new blessing.

She in her life had repeated his example of self-giving. She not only "read of" but followed Him "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WOMEN IN KOREA.

THE FIRST KOREAN WOMEN IN AMERICA.

The two first ladies who have ever ventured abroad from the Hermit Kingdom are now in Washington. They are the wives of the Secretaries of the Corean Embassy, an account of whom we gave our readers soon after their arrival. Miss Kate Foote, in a letter to the *New York Independent*, gives a bright description of her first visit to these ladies.

"We were ushered into a parlor," she says, "as strictly modern as the outside of the house. A Korean window-mat hung against the wall and there were framed photographs of the first minister and his secretaries on the wall and that was the only thing to suggest a foreign atmosphere. But presently the minister came in followed by two secretaries. They were polite and smiling, shook hands, said "How do you do," and were dressed in long robes of bright-colored wool and had on small high caps of stiff gauze through which one could see the hair done up on the head in little knots and wads. They all spoke English, the minister, Mr. Ye Ha Yung, especially well. There was a little stir at the curtains which separated the front from the back parlor, they opened and two foreign little faces and figures stood smiling, framed in the doorway and the curtains. The secretaries hastened up and led the ladies forward and we shook hands, speaking involuntarily, although we had been told they could not understand us. They were neat and sweet, with faces serene when they were quiet, but which lighted and smiled when their husbands translated to them our greetings. One was very pretty, her nose was high enough at the junction with the forehead to relieve the featureless look which is typical of the Mongolian face, and her refined, serene look was restful, after the subtle, fleeting, tormented expression which is so common in the faces of Anglo-Saxons, both men and women, as if our complex lives were mirrored in our faces.

Presently we began to show that we were the barbarians, for we said: "May we look at their dresses a little if they will look at ours?"

So one stood up and let us look at her skirt of blue silk made with straight breadths, hemmed at the bottom, drawn up far above the waist line, and secured across the breast with a silk belt. Besides this there was a waist fitting the shoulders and neck, crossed with folds at the front tucked under the belt, and with long, close sleeves. Then with a shy movement she drew her skirt back, and put out a little foot in an embroidered shoe, the toe pointed and turning up. We laughed and hid our feet, and then she took her turn with the long, close-fitting velvet redingote one of our party wore, and the short wrap and dress with an overskirt of the other, and decided that she liked them, but intimated that there were great complexities about them, and we confessed that there were. Both of them had smooth black hair, done in low knots at the nape of the neck, with silver pins stuck through the coils. The secretary said they would go out when they had learned more English, and when they were dressed, meaning when they had the American dress. After a little more chat we rose to go, shaking hands in farewell, and, turning as we went out, caught them again all standing framed in the doorway, a smiling, gayly dressed, foreign-looking group, as if Korea had stepped over here at one bound and settled down in a city house. One can imagine what strange sights a sewing machine, a breakfast urn and a lady's bonnet must be to them, while their husbands must ponder over the mysteries that a black cook offers for breakfast, and one of them last year wrestled with a bicycle manfully, in spite of entangling robes and the amusement of people who passed him."

But how strong has been the influence exerted by the civilization of the west upon this strange Hermit nation, when two of their women could so venture into a foreign country, can best be understood by a glance at their past social customs. Nothing could be more dreary and hopeless, says Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, than the social condition of the women of Korea. They cannot be said to occupy any position at all, and are regarded as of the least importance in the family order and arrangements. The subjection of women has reached the extreme point in Korea, and their seclusion is strictly enforced after the seventh year, except with those of the lowest and poorest classes, who cannot help being seen while they work or carry burdens on the streets and roads. Even these poor creatures try to cover their faces at sight of a man, although they are not as lovely as our Indian squaws.

Their costume is no aid to comeliness. Like the men, the common dress of Korean women is of white cotton, or of the lustrous grass cloth woven of the fibre of a wild nettle that grows on the peninsula as well as in China. White is really the color of mourning; but from the fact that the whole nation is ordered into mourning garb when a king dies, the practical minds of a few centuries ago voted to stay in mourning and be ready for untoward events rather than make the change from blue to white clothes so often. Their costume, consisting of baggy trousers, long petticoat, and short jacket, has nothing to recommend it on the score of beauty or grace of outline, and color is the one redeeming point. The full petticoat is gathered to a band, but even the poorest women make their skirts a half-yard too long, after the fashion of the palace ladies, and then gather and tie them up in bulky folds around the waist. The Korean stocking is of white cloth thickly wadded with cotton, and the quantity of padding for each stocking is regulated by law. The padded stocking makes the whole people seem afflicted with elephantiasis. A well-woven straw sandal protects the foot in ordinary times, but in rainy and wintry weather they wear the regular wooden sabot of Holland, but raised by two pieces of wood under the foot and heel that relate it closely to the Japanese rain clog, and curiously combine the two.

Often the women wear full petticoats of pale blue and pale green cloth, and their short jackets of green, blue, or pink give good solid touches of color to the costume. When walking in the streets they throw a green coat over their heads, and hold it closely down so as to conceal everything but the eyes. They never put these coats on properly, as they are supposed to be the coats of their soldier husbands, and the wives have them ready to hand over at the instant of a call to war. Very often the green coat is folded and laid on the top of the head as a pad or cushion for the heavy bundle, jar, or basket they may be carrying there. Little girls wear the same costume in miniature, but the whole wealth of the color-box is spent on their clothes, and their bright pink, blue, and green gowns are surpassed by coats with the sleeves made up of strips of different colored cloths sewed together.

While the beauty of some of the children suggests the possibility of beauty among the women, no one's experience proves it.

In-doors their hair-dressing proves to be quite a simple affair, the abundant black hair being parted and smoothly drawn back into a knot at the nape of the neck, and caught with a thick silver or gold pin. Some of the women seen in the queen's suite at the palace wear enormous chignons of false hair, weighing ten and twenty pounds, but this is a head-dress of rank and for state ceremony. At the same time their petticoats are distended by bamboo hoops that exceed the "tilters" of so many years ago. The queen wears the same dress as other Korean women, only that it is made of silk and fine materials, and the jacket and broad girdle are handsomely embroidered. On very rare occasions she has given audience to foreign ladies, and she has discharged all the astrologers and wizards in her suite, and employs a woman physician who recently went out from America.

The Korean women, unlike good children, are heard if not seen at night, and in the stillness succeeding the curfew bell of Seoul one hears them lifting their voices in quavering, camp-meeting wails, and singing the most plaintive songs. The white cotton clothes of the people are washed by the women, who pound them with stones in some dirty pool or watercourse, and they are ironed or given their silken gloss by being wound tightly on wooden rollers and pounded with wooden sticks by the hour. Two women sit on the ground facing each other with the roller between them, and play a regular and lively tune with their drumsticks.

The women's great holiday comes in June, when for a whole twenty-four hours they are privileged to roam the city with uncovered faces, and visit all the public places. Men are supposed to modestly withdraw or only peep through their fingers at the thousands of women that swarm the streets on this ladies' day."

SOME METHODS OF RAISING MONEY.

The following hints from a valuable little tract by Mrs. Caswell, published by the American Home Missionary Society will be especially suggestive to young people:

THE SABBATH PENNY, NICKEL OR DIME.—Have a home missionary mite-box. As a part of your Sabbath morning worship, put into it, regularly, a penny or nickel or dime, with a prayer for the special object to which you contribute. If this offering is for your home missionary, you will ask God's blessing upon his labors for that day.

THE SACRIFICE GIFT.—Through some special self-denial you may be able to lay an extra offering at the feet of Jesus. How he loves such gifts!

SABBATH EGGS, etc.—In the country are those who have Sabbath eggs, Sabbath milk, Sabbath fruit, etc., turning all such articles that come on the Sabbath into offerings for God.

GARDENS, etc.—There are missionary hens, gardens, apple-trees, rag-bags, berries, etc.

FANCY BAGS.—A young lady makes a couple of fancy bags exactly alike. Perhaps she embroiders the words, "Our Country," on one side. She keeps one and presents the other to a young gentleman friend. Each hangs the bag in a place where it will not be forgotten, and throws into it all loose change that can be spared. At an appointed time the two compare notes. By a little competition, the missionary treasury is thus replenished.

INVESTMENTS.—We are familiar with penny investments. With some the plan has reached the dollar. They find that as one penny was made to yield two, so one dollar will double itself, and with careful management grow to five.—*Golden Rule.*

TWO FAMOUS DOGS.

The two beautiful dogs shown in our illustration are, so far as we know, the largest and smallest of the dog tribe in the world. They were exhibited at the Kennel Club Dog Show held in the Alexandra Palace, London, in February last. The St. Bernard "Lord Bute," belongs to Mr. S. Shellcock, and the toy black and tan "Prince Al," to Mr. A. Wilkinson.

A BITTER BICYCLING EXPERIENCE

"Well, we've had a grand run to-day, Jack," cried one wheelman to another, as they reached the top of the incline, that commences at Bowdon Church, and leads to Altrincham and Sale, thence to Cottonopolis.

"Yes," says the one addressed, whom we shall name Will, "but it's awfully thirsty work. Shall we stop and have a drink at the 'Crown and Cushion?'"

"I don't mind," says Jack, "I confess I feel in good form for a bitter ale after the spin we've had, and a little rest from the saddle will refresh us."

It had been a very hot July day, the roads were parched for want of rain, and all day had been spent on the wheels, seeking health amidst the many pleasant rural scenes to be found near Tabley Park and Knutsford. Having reached the "Crown," the companions reared their steely steeds near the parlor window; and, sauntering into the hostelry, left orders at the bar for two glasses of bitter ale.

"Hot work," quoth mine host, appearing with the longed for drink.

"Very," says Will.

"Have you ridden far to-day, gentlemen?"

"Quite far enough a day like this," says Jack, "it's scorching on the road, and I feel good enough to drink a dozen of these," holding up his glass.

A smile played upon the face of mine host at this sally, and without more ado he left the room. Ere he had been gone many minutes, a touch of the bell summoned him back to refill the glasses.

"You will find this do you good, sir," he said, placing the drink upon the table, "it will enliven you a little; no better ale in Bowdon can be had."

The shades of evening were gathering fast, before the friends essayed to move, and an observer might notice our wheelmen rather unsteady in their gait. They certainly did not walk as when they entered, and one might see an unnatural gleam issuing from Jack's eyes, that boded ill for himself or machine.

"Mount," says Will, after lighting up, for experience had taught them that the police of Sale were very strict.

With many efforts to get a balance on the right leg, they eventually succeeded in gaining the saddle. Once there, long practice as riders allowed them to retain their balance, though it must be confessed it was more by good luck than good management.

"What milestone is that we've passed, Will?" says Jack.

"Seventh, and look out, here's a trap coming. We'll have to spin with it," cries Will.

The words were barely uttered before a handsome turnout cantered by.

"Stick to him!" shouts half-muddled Jack, "he'll pull us along."

The driver, who appeared anxious to try the capabilities of horse flesh against wheels, shook up his beast. The wheelmen answered, and away they sped.

They were nearing a portion of road very rough and dangerous, near to the sixth milestone. It was well known to the riders, who, with heads down, were plugging away as for dear life, but "the bitter ale" had robbed them of prudence and common sense; it had "enlivened them up," as the landlord prophesied it would. Just two hundred yards from the milestone, a mound of earth lay directly in the path of the two wheelmen. Nearer and nearer they approach it—crash, crash!—thud, thud; and thus ended the race.

Gathering themselves and wheels together, our cyclists took observations. Dust and blood commingled in the roadway.

Here lay the handle of Jack's machine, there the broken pedal of Will's; and, truly, machines and men, presented a sorry spectacle.

"Well, what are we to do?" says Jack.

"Walk," says his mate, "what can we do else. My big wheel's buckled."

"I wish I had not stopped at the 'Crown,'" says Jack.

"What's the use of wishing now?" says the other; "but I tell you this, I'll never drink a glass of beer again after this dose."

Six miles of a walk did not weaken that resolution, and Will, on reaching home, made good his vow by signing the pledge. It was to him a bitter experience. Dearly bought, was that night's spin, but it taught him a lesson never to partake of that which robs a man of his reason.—*George Power in Alliance News.*

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES.

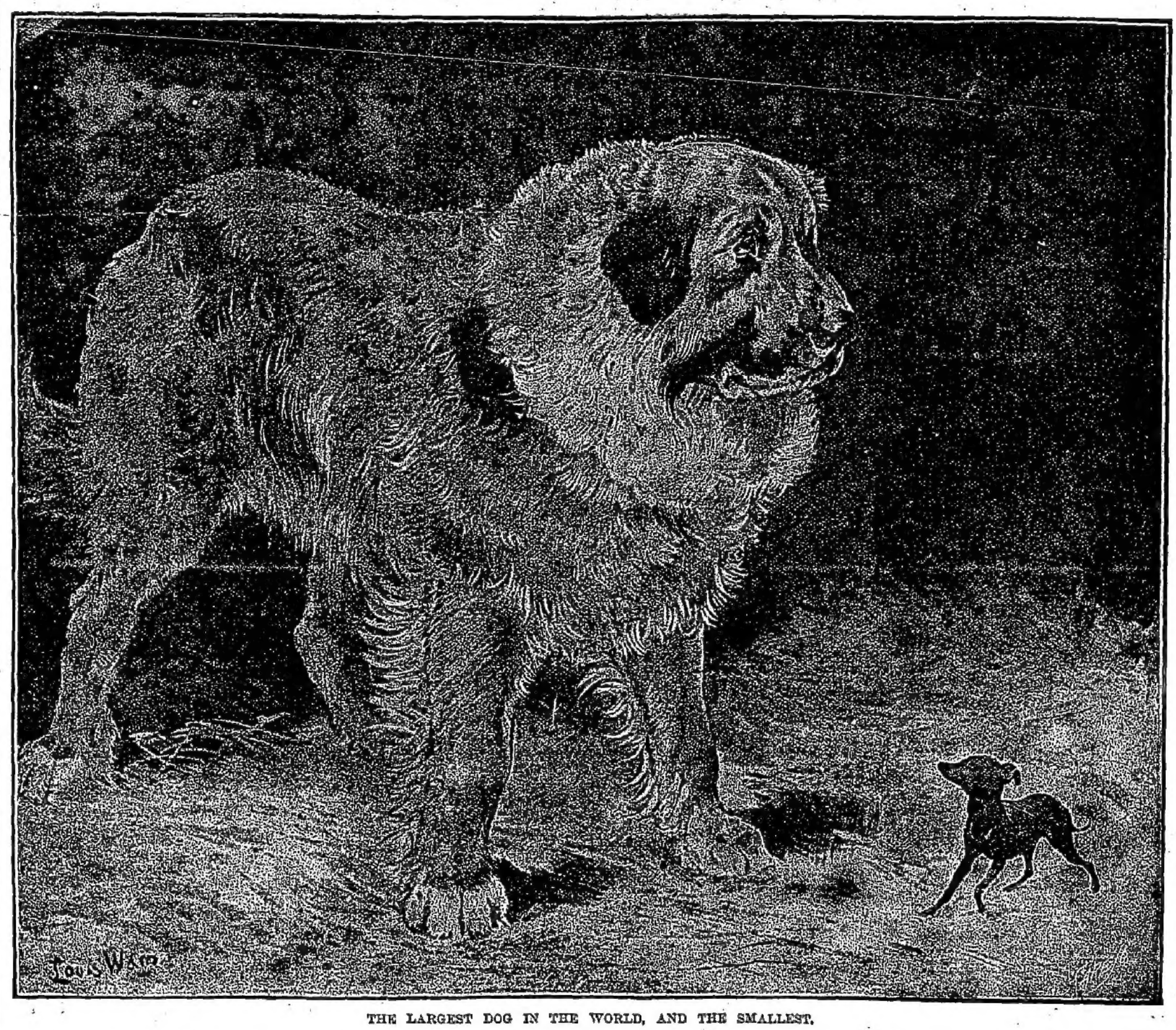
MRS. E. J. THOMPSON.

This famous tunnel is a large, substantial road, built in the form of an arch directly under the bed of the river.

Isramond Brunel, the great and distinguished architect who designed this wonderful archway, learned the secret of his success from a tiny ship-worm. One day Mr. Brunel visited a ship-yard. An old ship was in the "dry dock" for repairs. A quantity of worm-eaten timber had been taken out from her sides; he picked up one of these pieces of timber, and saw a worm boring its way through. He sat down and watched the poor little creature at its work, and studied carefully the form of the hole it was boring, bringing to bear his own skill as a master builder. At last, the thought occurred to him, "How strong a tunnel would be if made in the shape of this worm-hole!" So he meditated upon it, and when he was asked, years afterward, whether it would be possible to construct a tunnel under the Thames, he remembered the arch made by the worm, and was ready to answer, "Yes."—*Young Crusader.*

LET US HELP the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend without exacting the usury of gratitude.—*Thackeray.*

THE BRAVE only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—*Sterne.*



THE LARGEST DOG IN THE WORLD, AND THE SMALLEST.

GETHSEMANE AS IT IS.

The Rev. Harry Jones, in his "Past and Present in the East," writes:—

"While at Jerusalem we have occasionally passed, and one day deliberately set ourselves to visit, the place which claims to be the 'Garden of Gethsemane.' They say that in this case tradition is probably right. The garden is situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and is inclosed within a white wall of stone and plaster. We entered, to find its interior laid out in prim squares, surrounded by a 'neat' railing, and ornamented with importunate rows of the most common-place flower-pots, while gaudy little wall-pictures professed to set forth the successive incidents of that awful night. We went a few paces within this enclosure and stopped. A grinning gardener laid down his hoe at the prospect of a fee. We turned and walked out in silence. And yet this may have been the 'Garden of Gethsemane.'"

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Now, I wonder what will be wrong with the breakfast this morning," said Emily, closing her German grammar with an impatient sigh to go down to the kitchen. "O, how I do envy those girls who have nothing to attend to but their study and practising. And yet some of them think they are dreadfully driven. O dear—if mother were only here! It's the longest six months I ever knew. But if she comes back strong I'm going to help her more than I used to."

The disorderly kitchen was not cheery to the already depressed girl, neither were the dissatisfied faces which presently surrounded the breakfast table.

"Are we to have the potatoes burnt or half raw this morning?" said her brother Hugh, in a grumbling voice. "Or will there be too much salt or no salt at all in the pancakes?"

"She always goes to one extreme or the other," said Emily, fretfully. "It's dreadful work getting along with such a girl, and I can't get another one."

The particular failing this time of poor, stupid, good-natured Lena, consisted in allowing the omelet to burn. The two little girls whimpered at finding their favorite dish nearly spoiled. Hugh threw himself back petulantly in his chair, exclaiming:

"I should think you might see to things yourself a little, Emily."

"She does not have time for that, Hugh, with her studies," said his father, in his always gentle voice.

Emily felt grateful to him and repressed the angry word which rose to her lips, but the cloud on her brow was very heavy. She had been in the kitchen late last evening giving very careful directions to Lena and had felt hopeful that things would be right.

Everything seemed cloudy. The ironing had dragged late into the week and Hugh went off in another grumble at not being able to find exactly the style of collar he wanted to wear. Kitty and Flo fretted because there was no cake for the lunch baskets, and Flo had left her rubbers at school the day before, and Emily had to take the fifteen minutes in which she had hoped to look over her German again to hunt in the garret for an old pair which Flo grumbled at being obliged to wear.

At the last moment before going herself she remembered that the cellar ought to be aired and swept. She had heard her father direct Hugh to clear the snow from the windows, where it had done good service in helping to keep out the frost, but did not know whether Hugh had done it or not.

"Lena," she said, running to the kitchen, "is the snow cleared from the cellar windows?"

"O yes," said Lena in the same hearty tone in which she answered every question one way or another, whether or no she knew its meaning.

"It is light down there then, is it?"

"O no," said Lena.

"Lena, is—it—dark—down—cellar?"

"Oh, no," still persisted Lena.

Emily ran to look for herself and as a result received her first tardy mark.

She went home at noon accompanied by one of her friends who wanted a book. The sitting-room into which they went was still unswept and the fire out. Lena was found still over the dragging ironing, but her face was beaming as ever as she went to make the forgotten fire. Emily gave her own most faithful care to the preparation of dinner, to be told just as it was ready to take up, that her father had sent home a fish to be served that day, which would lose its freshness by being kept until to-morrow.

It was too late to remedy the mistake, and again Hugh grumbled.

There was no afternoon session at the high school she attended and Emily was just settling herself to her studies, hoping to save an hour before bed-time for the piano practice she dearly loved, when a ring came at the door. Opening it, a young girl with the inevitable agent's satchel stood before her.

Many of her friends, she knew, were in the habit of at once shutting the door in the face of such visitors, thinking themselves more polite than was really necessary if the act was accompanied by a few cold words. But Emily knew that this was not in accordance with her mother's ideas of Christian courtesy.

"I can't buy anything of you," she said, with a smile. "I really mean it and it is no use for you to take the trouble to show me anything, but perhaps you will come in and rest and warm yourself."

She hoped the invitation would be declined, but the girl stepped in and seated herself before the fire with a face so weary and worn that Emily, who had resolved that, having fulfilled the obligations of hospitality, she would return at once to her books, found herself looking sympathizingly at the stranger, and presently entered into conversation with her.

It did not take long to hear the outline of a little story of troubles before which her own seemed to sink into insignificance. And when the girl arose to go, cheered by the kindly words and the bundle of Sunday-school papers given for little brothers at home, she said:

"You've done me more good than if you'd bought something from me."

It was pleasant to hear it and Emily did not grudge the twenty minutes. But her heart sank again as Lena appeared at the door.

"Please, Miss Emily, it's the pump's fruz again."

She sprang up with a despairing exclamation. This was the third time during the winter that Lena's bungling had brought the same trouble. She hurried to the kitchen to see if any present measure could be taken, and for half an hour poured boiling water and applied hot cloths, but all to no purpose.

Returning to the sitting-room she snatched up her books, declaring within herself that if the door-bell rang it would ring unheeded. The children came from school but claimed her attention for only a short time as they got their skates and went away, again leaving her thankful for the quiet. But—

"O dear!"

She gazed in dismay as a brisk little figure came along the sidewalk. Would she pass on or was she coming in? The half-formed question was answered by the dreaded ring.

It was one of her mother's friends, and one who, being rather old and rather poor, could not be permitted to ring and go away. With an impatient fling of her book Emily went to the door. The new-comer was soon in the room and Emily asked her to take off her things, feeling ashamed of the wish in her heart that the invitation might not be accepted.

"I promised your mother I'd come around and see how you were getting along without her," said Miss Gray, taking out her knitting and settling herself for a visit. Emily brought her own fancy work and gave herself up to polite listening. But her thoughts wandered among perplexing cares and unlearned lessons until she recalled herself with an effort to hear her guest asking:

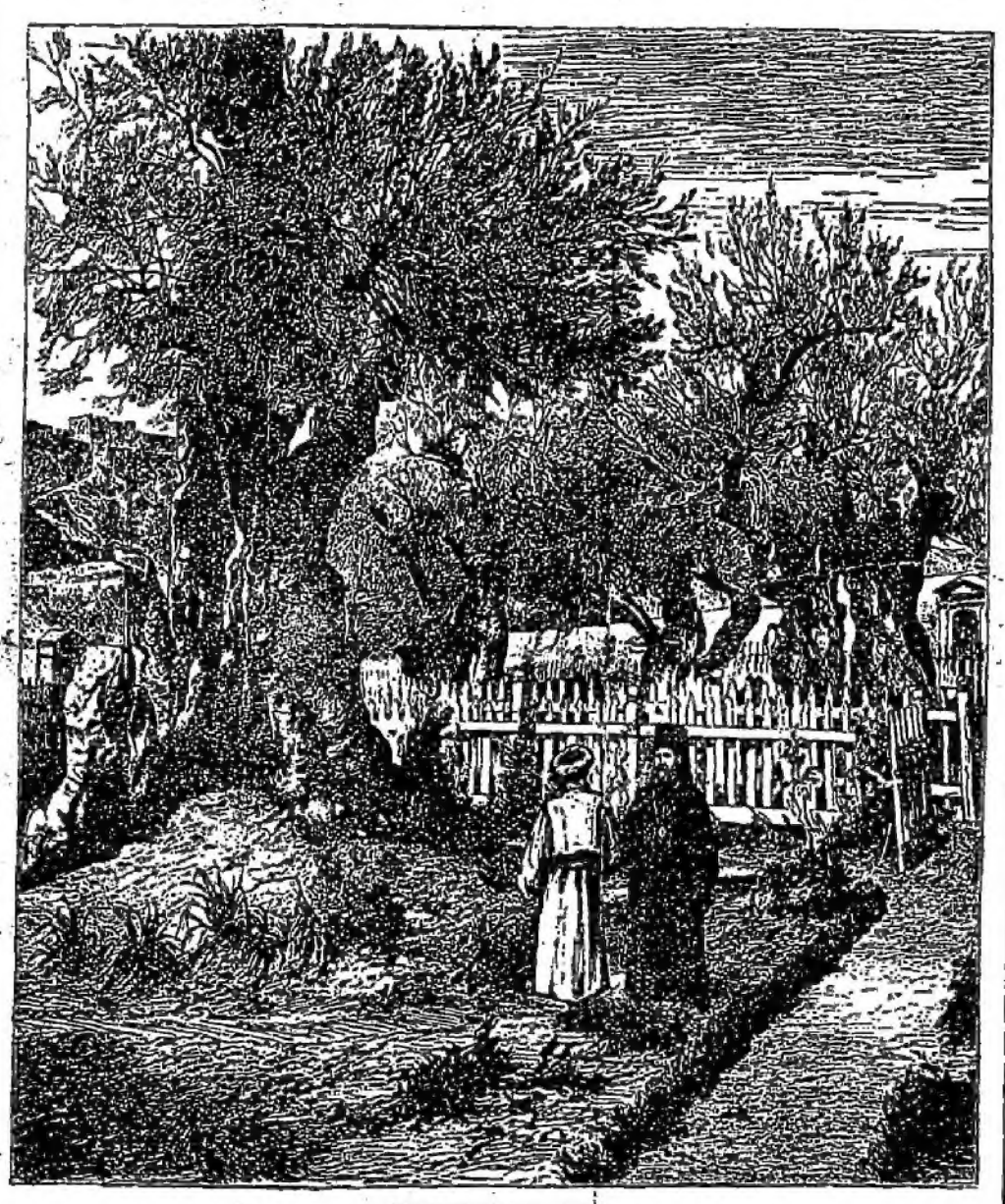
"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

They were very kindly eyes, those which looked into her own as she started and apologized.

"What troubles you, my dear child? Perhaps if you don't mind telling an old woman like me, I might help you a little."

"Indeed, Miss Gray," she said trying to smile, "there isn't anything the matter worth speaking of—nothing but trifles." But the tears forced themselves to her eyes as she realized what a heavy burden the sum of these trifles made up.

"It's only," she went on, after a little pause, "that things are so hard to get along with now that mother is gone. I am in a worry and a pressure all the time. So many things go wrong and I get vexed over them, and then father is troubled and Hugh teasing and the little ones fretful.' She gave a short account of the various annoyances of the day, adding: "Things keep on just about so every day."



GETHSEMANE AS IT IS.

Miss Gray listened with a face full of sympathy, and said:

"Yes, dear, it is the same old story of little trials stinging and irritating like a swarm of mosquitoes, not because of their strength but because of their numbers. But how many of these small vexations of to-day will hurt you to-morrow or, say, next week?"

"O, not one of them," said Emily smiling. "But to-morrow and next week will be sure to have their own stings."

"But if the troubles are little enough to leave no trace which will last until to-morrow, is it not a pity that they should be allowed to make an impression even for to-day?"

"But how can one help being annoyed by annoying things?" asked Emily.

"Dear child," said her friend in a very earnest tone, "you have a soul which is fitted to rise into an atmosphere far above these daily annoyances. You have read of travellers who climb the mountain heights until they reach the bright, pure air and look back upon the clouds which settle upon the low places they have left behind. So you, dear, can climb with the footsteps of faith higher and higher until you gain an atmosphere bright with the sunshine of the Saviour's smile. Why should you allow the peace of your immortal soul to be destroyed by these petty cares, the memory even of which will fade away in a few hours?"

"O, if I only could rise above these things," said Emily wistfully.

"You can, dear. Try it with the same resolution you bring to a hard lesson. Try it with earnest prayer. And the moment you begin to try, you get little helps all the way along. Doesn't it make a difference to the others when you maintain your cheerfulness in spite of these annoyances?"

"Yes, it does. Once or twice, when something pleasant has occurred which seemed to give me a lift above things, father brightens up and Hugh stops being disagreeable and the little girls smile like angels, the darlings! And even Lena—it doesn't make her any more careful but it makes her even pleasanter, and a pleasant face about one is something."

"Something? Yes, it is a good deal. You see, dear, that every face about you takes its tone from your own. Live above the trifles. As you grow older you will realize that a truly noble nature will not allow itself to be subject to them. We shall never be free from them until we reach the light beyond, but we can already catch the reflection of that light and in our turn reflect it upon the faces and spirits of those about us."

"Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves the best—
Secret of a happy day
Secret of his promised rest."

—*The Standard.*

A PRODIGAL SON.

I have opened one more school, a mile from the road. I had to walk that distance. Those burning days it was pretty severe, as the road lay over sand hills and ploughed fields. The school was so nice, the children so happy, one could not remember the discomfort.

An old Mohammedan priest tried to break it up, and did compel some to withdraw their children, but the school is secure.

Several women came in to see Miss Sahiba and watch the school. The Bible lesson began from a picture of the Prodigal Son, hung on the wall. An old lady listened; her face sobered, tears filled her eyes; finally, amid broken sobs, she declared—

"O, Miss Sahiba, that *is* my boy! That is my boy!"

Most touchingly she told how he had gone, how she had watched and waited for him, but he never came back.—*Extract from Miss Pratt's letter from India.*

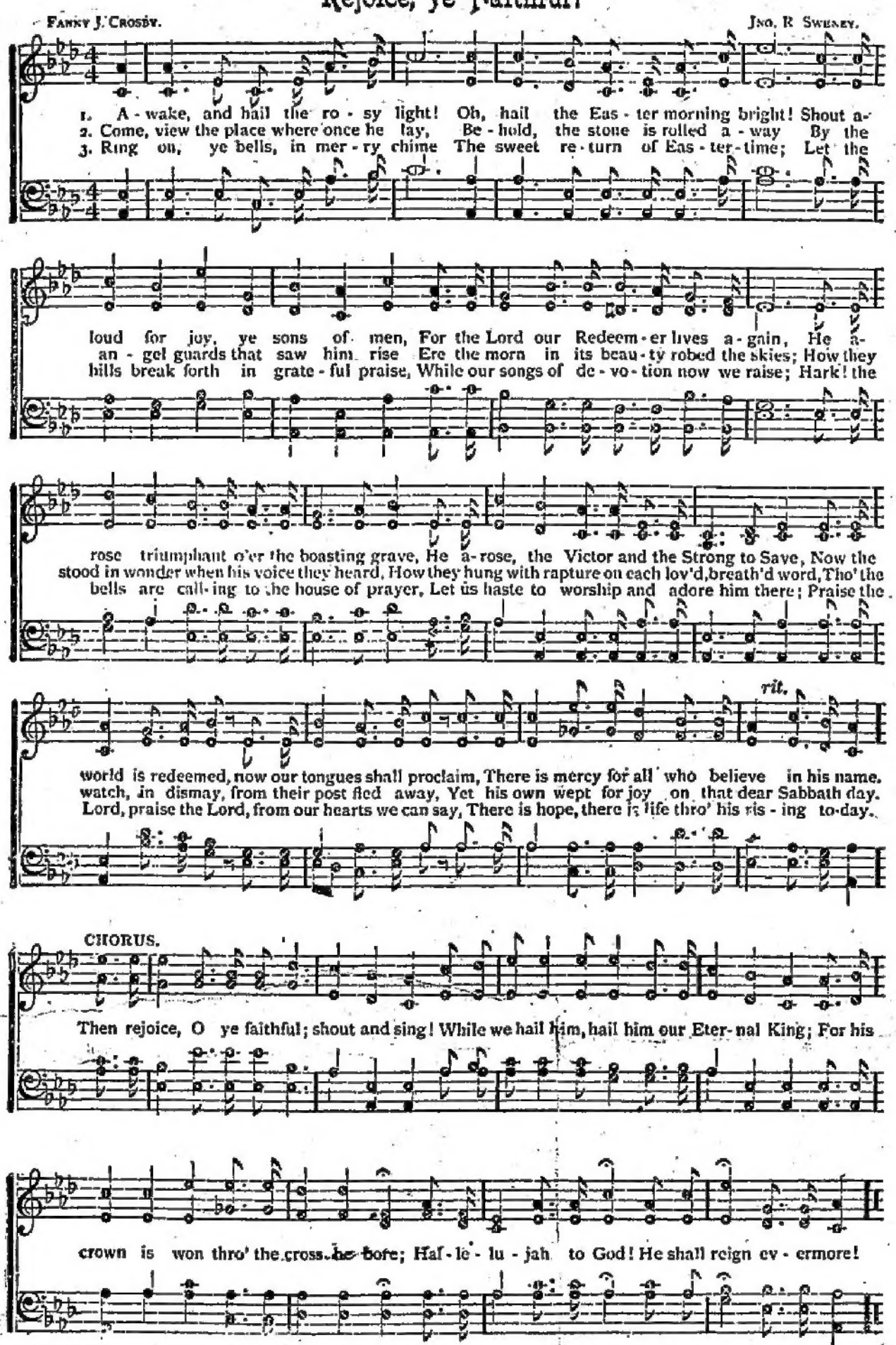
THE MARINERS.

Great thoughts are mariners of the mind,
With strong white sails unfurled;
Words are the vessels that they find
To bear them round the world.

—*William H. Hayne.*

Rejoice, ye Faithful!

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R SWEENEY.


1. A - wake, and hail the ro - sy light! Oh, hail the Eas - ter morning bright! Shout a-
2. Come, view the place where once he lay, Be - hold, the stone is rolled a - way By the
3. Ring on, ye bells, in mer - ry chime The sweet re - turn of Eas - ter - time; Let the
loud for joy, ye sons of men, For the Lord our Redeem - er lives a - gain, He a-
an - gel guards that saw him rise Ere the morn in its beau - ty robed the skies; How they
hills break forth in grate - ful praise, While our songs of de - vo - tion now we raise; Hark! the
rose triumphant o'er the boasting grave, He a - rose, the Victor and the Strong to Save, Now the
stood in wonder when his voice they heard, How they hung with rapture on each lov'd, breath'd word, Tho' the
bells are call - ing to the house of prayer, Let us haste to worship and adore him there; Praise the
rit.
world is redeemed, now our tongues shall proclaim, There is mercy for all who believe in his name.
watch, in dismay, from their post fled away, Yet his own wept for joy on that dear Sabbath day.
Lord, praise the Lord, from our hearts we can say, There is hope, there is life thro' his ris - ing to-day.
CHORUS.
Then rejoice, O ye faithful; shout and sing! While we hail him, hail him our Eter - nal King; For his
crown is won thro' the cross he bore; Hal - le - lu - jah to God! He shall reign ev - ermore!

OF THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, and richly dressed, but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly young fellow opened the forward door of the car, and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps, and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and hand-bag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five-mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort; and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way that I decided they were a newly-married pair enjoying the honeymoon, and I fancied I could detect many "spoony" acts attributed to young people under these circumstances. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled and almost toothless. But when I heard him say, "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety, and bearing her many packages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, and that this was a true love-match.—*Hope.*

A FEW WORDS FROM READERS.

The following are a few of the many similar letters received lately from subscribers:—

J. DOUGALL & SONS,—DEAR SIRS,—I would like to tell you how very much my children enjoy the *Northern Messenger*. There is a rush made for it when it arrives. One evening I read the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" aloud to them and I was surprised to see the way in which the pathos of this exquisite poem touched them. They talked about it a great deal and were much interested in the story of Jean Ingelow. We owe you sincere thanks for publishing a paper which on account of its mingling of science, history, biography, religion, and temperance in a simplicity of style, brings a high standard of literature before our children in a comprehensive way. I confess I find the usual run of Sunday-school papers rather tame, but the *Northern Messenger* supplies food and entertainment for myself and family. These are the sentiments of a GRATEFUL MOTHER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The *Northern Messenger* has improved greatly during the past year. There are a good many here that would like to take it only for the hard times. I think science, history, biography are just what the children take an interest in, especially because they are in their paper. I would not do without the *Messenger*.

JANE POTTER.

Mayersburg, March 1889.

DEAR SIRS,—I have taken great pleasure in looking up the answers to the Bible Questions. It has given me more love for the blessed Bible and I have learned more about its truths. And I trust it has done the rest the same good it has done me. I shall try and do more for the *Messenger* this year, for I love the paper myself and I trust you will have a large number of subscribers this year. M. B. LONGLEY.

Paradise, Dec. 1888.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Please accept my thanks for the premium you sent me, for my club. I was very much pleased with it. We always look forward to the coming of your little paper, more especially last year. Those Bible questions were so very interesting. We learned so much by looking them up, and we hope this year you will give us something equally as good.

ANNIE G. DAVIS.

Clifton, Feb. 1889.

DEAR SIR,—I have been taking the *Messenger* now a year and must say that I am very well pleased with it indeed. The Sunday School column is alone worth the money, besides the other reading matter which, I think, would be interesting to every reader. I cannot but speak highly of the *Messenger*. I am myself now twenty-five years of age and think that there is something in it for me as well as for those in the smaller numbers and think that it should be found in the homes of all Christian parents especially. Please accept this as a few hasty words in favor of your welcome little paper. RODERICK MCDONALD, jr.

Nairn P. O., Ont., March 1889.

DEAR SIRS,—Enclosed please find 30 cents for the renewal of my subscription to your valuable little paper, the *Northern Messenger* and I am very sorry I neglected to send it earlier. I should like to tell you how I first came to know about and to receive the *Messenger*. I do not know how my mother, who lives in Warehouse Point, Conn., came to subscribe for the *Messenger*, but she did so and after taking it a time she admired it so much that she subscribed for myself and sister, feeling sure that we would gladly renew our subscriptions at the end of the year, which is the case with myself at least. This year mother subscribed for two younger sisters of mine, one living at West Winsted, Conn., and the other here in Springfield, who think as much of the little *Messenger* as I do. I would like to have you send me two or three blank forms and I will see if I cannot do something to extend the circulation of the *Messenger* in Springfield among my circle of friends and acquaintances; and please tell me if you send back numbers to new subscribers. Wishing long life and success to you and the *Messenger*. C. S. LOOMIS.

Springfield, Mass., March 1889.

Yes, we will always send back numbers when we have any left. EDITOR *Messenger*.

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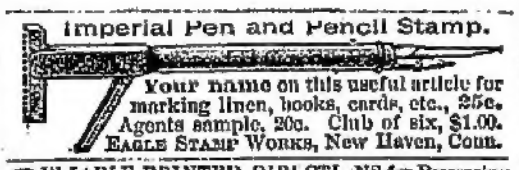

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